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The world in a spectrum



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Chapter 1 by MaskedPayne45

A At times I wasn't sure what had actually happened. There had been so much that had been going on. But I knew from the start that I wouldn't have changed a thing about it. Even if I could have. You see, the things that happen to us in life, often hold the scariest possibilities. Love, anger, laughter, anxiety, life, death. Before I begin to tell you everything, what happened, my life story, her. I need you to understand some things I never learned until it was too late. Life is not fair, nor will it ever be fair. You aren't always going to get what you want. You're not always going to get what you need. Or what you think you need.

Over the years I've learned this message the hard way. I'm going to tell you now, you probably won't like how my story ends. You'll probably wish you could change it. I know I did. For the longest time, I had hoped that I had been dreaming and I would wake up and this nightmare would be over. But lately I'm finding it easier to breathe. Reality isn't as bitter as I thought it would be. Perhaps things are for the better. We were never meant to last, I knew that from the moment we met. She may have been one of the most special souls I've had the pleasure of knowing so intimately in my life time, but we were never meant to have forever.

They say if you love something, let it go. I was too selfish and held onto her tightly, my hands wrapped tightly around her invisible chain. My eyes clenched tight, if I opened them too wide, I knew she would disappear. Now I know I should have loved a little less, and done more things for her. Not for myself. She was perfect in every single way i could think of. The way she walked, the way her laugh caught in her throat and turned into a snort. The way her breathe escaped her in the winter, the fog swirling from her mouth. I was hopelessly in love with her.

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life. I was a much closed in person and didn't really like to dig into my feelings. Lord only knows my patient friends tried to understand, just how hectic everything was.

I cannot begin to explain in words, just how my heart has been these last few months. I'm not sure how I've been dealing actually. My world has been black and white for so long, that I cannot remember what colors looked like. How they feel, the stunning marvel of the world in beautiful pinks, reds and gold's. A sunset sinking below a glowing words of whites, blues and purple. The red fire flickering, casting a warm glow over the pale contrast of our bodies. Now as I'm talking about all of this, I can only hold onto the last memories I had before it all disappeared.

You see, this world is very different from any world I've read about. We all have our setbacks, some of us struggle in poverty. Other's struggle with sickness and health issues. And then there's those of us who struggle to live in a world, where everything is black and white. My world, for the longest time was black and white, and after years and years of black and white, it wears on a person. You start to need more, to want more, and to yearn for something you know you may never get.

In medical school, I've learned that many people will go crazy from never seeing the world in color. As a heart surgeon, some of my first few cases, were people who had a broken heart. They saw in only black and white, their shoulders weighed down by the loss they suffered. There was nothing you could do for those people. It wasn't like I hadn't wanted to help them. But sometimes you find out, that there isn't you can do for the people that have already given up.

It's been almost a question to me now. Should I give up, like so many like me have? Or should I keep going and learn to live like this? Black and white, blind, empty, a hole in my chest. Of course, I have pondered this, since the day she left me. I wondered for hours upon hours. But I came to the conclusion, that my dearly departed wouldn't have wanted that for me. Sometimes though, I wish to join with her. For the day's, they blend into my nights and I am lost in myself, I am becoming my world. I look for the cure to a broken heart everyday, but how can you cure a

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back down to your knees. I have spent so much time on my feet, I forgot the beautiful ache being humbled can bring. Sometimes, I don't want to be humbled. If I can pretend to be a God, for just a while longer, saving people, then maybe I could bring back my beloved. Maybe I wouldn't be stuck yearning for a world, I don't belong in. Saving lives reminds you, that there is still a reason for you to stay in this world. I don't have to leave, not yet.

I don't know why I even began this book, my therapist said it would be better for me, for my work, for everyone around me, if I could get out my feelings. Somehow I feel like that is a line, that he has used many, many times, with people who have lost their loved ones. But hear I am, and It actually makes me feel a little better about things. Like somehow other people, may be able to read my story and learn from my mistakes and learn that there is more to the world, then just this black and white void they walk in. There is a whole universe out of that void, full of possibilities, and throughout this book, I learned that there is more to life, then just romantic love. But that romantic love brings out the strongest colors in people.

Back to that invisible chain I told you I kept on my love, she was meant for far better things then I knew. But when you find out there is more to the world then just emptiness, you want to covet that one thing that gave you everything you had. I held on very tightly until that last couple of years. We didn't know, that we wouldn't have all the time in the world to know each other. To learn everything we possibly could have. We didn't know...we didn't know, we just clung to each other, lived each moment like it would be our last and loved endlessly. It was the happiest I had ever been.

In fact now that I think of it, it was probably the happiest I will ever be. That seems silly, I'm so young, but there are certain things you just know. She was one of them. Their was never anything she couldn't give me. Along with happiness and colors, she made me experience sorrow, she helped me feel passion and anger. I tasted lust on her lips and knew love when I looked into her eyes. There would never be another person who would make me feel that way. I never wanted to hurt her, keep her from growing. My world was only good, if she was in it. Now you may say, that is very unhealthy. But you didn't know her like I did, you didn't understand

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her, my heart would race, my stomach would tighten and my voice would disappear every time I saw her. No matter how many times I'd seen her that day. When we woke up tangled in each other's arms in the morning, when we'd pass each other in the hospital, when she grabbed my hand and we walked out, to go home for the night.

But I wanted more from her, I wanted forever, even if I knew I could never have that, I knew she would give me anything and I just wanted forever. Even if that meant, we couldn't be together, I wanted her in my life. She was my moons and my sun, my stars and cloudy skies. And now, I know I did not want this.

You know, out of all the things that are out of my control, death had to be the worst. As a heart surgeon, I cannot control what happens if the person I'm working with, isn't willing to give a little. And sometimes even when they're giving me their all, and everything they have. Even then I can still not reach them. It killed me inside, even though I knew, perhaps it was for the better that they weren't in this world any longer. That they weren't struggling, that they weren't suffering, but damn everything and anything, if I could have her, for just one more day. I would give my last breathe.

I wouldn't change what we were, for anything. Every moment, every touch, every sigh, ever look, it was perfect, sheer perfection, in the way I knew it would never be forever. That eventually the beauty of it all would have to end. She was just too good to be true.

Now I need to stop saying things like that. She was perfect, even in her flaws and imperfections. I wouldn't change a thing. But I did not know that it would end. In fact, I thought we would have more time. I suppose It's just me, trying to understand what I'm feeling. Because even though it's been months, I still ache when I hear her voice. I still ache when I hear her name on someone else's lips. My anger swallowing me, making me bitter, as if it were that person to take her away from me. But as my therapist says, I am just trying to blame someone, anyone, for what was out of my control. I asked him, how dare he try to know what I was feeling. Have you ever known what it's like to lose your world.

He had, had been born in the same year as his son, and known him since he was a tiny tot, running and sky-bounding joyfully. See more of Story Wars

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been right about most everything so far, but this, this is a lot to ask of me, and I don't know what i will succeed by writing this book.

Life, life is a very complex and odd gift and curse we are all granted. I would never have thought having emotions and seeing colors, would be so painful, until I was back to the voidless place I started in. Life isn't fair, no matter how many ways I twist it and turn it, life just isn't fair. You have to deal with the hand you're dealt. Even if it means your demise. Now I shouldn't talk about death so lightly, because losing someone, does not mean you also have to die. But I know, if you're like me, there will be times, when you will really want to die.

So without further delay, I present to you, all what I've been through, starting with my first day.

"Cadence, Cadence Luchetta?"

My hand raised into the air and I lifted my head above the brim of my book, to glance at the teacher, before looking back down. I had just enough time during role call to read the last few pages of my book. Now, I knew I had enough pages because I'd been at this same routine, for almost three years. This starting off year number three. With some luck, this would be my year. There is an old saying, the third times the charm. Well I hope this year is my best. Well, I actually hope, my last year is my best. But I hope this year is good too. The last two years weren't bad, they were just long and maybe a little rough.

Today was my intro to anatomy, it was around eight o clock in the morning and the room was quiet for the most part. There was some whispering among the students, some chattering, but the room was otherwise quiet. The teacher would call names, students would holler out a 'here' or simply raise their hands in response to the teacher. The time was going to drag on, there was as many as sxity students in the room, and the list of names seemed to be endless.

I let out a small sigh and glanced down at my book, before shutting it. There was no use in

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A flurry of comotion caught the room's attention as a whirlwind of a girl blew through the room, almost fifteen minutes late, coffee cup in hand. I tipped my head up, and sat up in my seat to get a better look at the new comer in our class. But there was a very tall group of boys in my way. **Just move, please, a little.** I thought impatiently, before giving up and keeping one ear open, as I reached down for a pencil. I always used mechanical pencils and made sure to bring a few extra packs of lead.

"Who are you?" The teacher's stern gaze fell on the new comer. I didn't bother looking up, just made sure I wrote my name on the paper and was prepared for the class to begin.

"My name is Sophia Rosales, I'm so sorry that I'm so late, but their was a lot of traffic and I did not realize what time I needed to get up, I did not realize that there would be, you know..I didn't think of the time, I'm sor"-"

"I don't want to hear your exscuses, I'll let you off the hook, just this once, but everyone else is ready, so please take a seat."

Oh wow, her voice had my attention seconds into her greeting to the teacher. Sophia? What a beautiful name. I peered around the group of guys and gazed down at the girl. her features were very fine, she may have been in black and white, but she was beautiful. There was no denying that. She had a straight nose, and the end was tilted upwards slightly, her eyes were large, and framed in heavy black lashes. Her skin was a grey, so I knew it had to be darker then my pale white skin. She was a good two or three inches shorter then my height of five foot seven.

My breath shuddered out, when I realized the only seat was right next to me. No way, she wasn't going to see by me. there wasn't a possible reason she would. Well, besides the fact that I had the only seat left in the room. The class was filled to it's capacity. My eyes shifted to her hips for a breathe of a second, before pulling back up and watching the board. The chair next to me scraped gently against the floor and bent a little to handle her weight.

Students don't want to come to school everyday, but I do. I perform as much as I can in the classroom and start taking notes in my notebook. See more of Story Wars

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My heart skipped a beat when I saw her. I had never seen anyone as beautiful as her. I have to go to bed, I quickly got up and went to my room and took a shower. I had to sleep.

before I grabbed my notebook. I snatched up a pencil and began to read the paragraphs, making sure to paraphrase and write down bolded words. Before too long, I decided to try and strike up a conversation.

"Hey, Uhmm, my name is Cadence Marie Luchetta, what's yours?"

"I'm Sophia Grace Rosales, It's a pleasure to meet you partner, what do you want to do when you grow up?" Her voice held a note of amusement, as she was teasing me, considering we were both technically "grown" up.

"I'd like to be a heart surgeon. What do you want to be?"

"I'm thinking brain surgeon, by the way I'm eighteen, how old are you?"

Oh wow, she was so young. Well I was only three years older, but that felt like a lot, considering I was legally allowed to drink and she was only just allowed to vote. "I'm twenty one, and will turn twenty two in around six or seven months. What's your favorite food?" I asked, wanting to memorize every detail of her face. My pencil wrote across the page, barely skimming over paragraphs as I took, really sloppy notes. I could take more later, better notes. Of course it would eat into my free time, but it was worth it.

"I love traditional tamales, also my favorite drink, is a mocha with some shots of expresso to get me through the day." She lifted her cup of coffee and went to take a sip, setting it back down she reached over to flip the page, so she could continue taking notes, and her coffee dumped all over me. I yelped and let out a second tiny little squeak, as burning liquid drizzled over my thighs. Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, that hurt, it hurts, i hurt.

"Oh gosh! I'm so sorry, please let me help. I'm so sorry, this is a mess, let me fix it." Her mouth was stretched into an O for a moment, before yanking tissue from her bag and trying to mop up the spilled drink. Her tissue covered hands, placed over my thigh and she dabbed at the jean material, trying to lift some of the stain. I winced, clenching my teeth, as the burn from the hot

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nose crinkled up. "Oh god, you're in pain, I'm sorry, I really am." Her dark eyes were filled with panic. I got a little lost, trying to figure out what color they might be.

"Really, you're fine, it doesn't hurt. It got my attention, but it wasn't that hot, come on, I'm fine, my jeans will dry. Don't get so worked up, everything is okay." I soothed her, my tone suggesting I was totally fine, just like i said I was. I smiled reassuringly, and patted her hand.

A gasp came from me. Oh my god, I squeezed my eyes shut and then opened them back up. No, It was still there. Oh my gosh, the world. She was so beautiful. Her hair, it was the first thing that caught my attention. It was a deep black, with almost a dark brown tint. Her eyes were a deep golden brown and her skin, was a sun kissed, olive complexion. She was perfect. Her lips were a deep pink, and they were caught in an O again, showing white teeth.

"Are you alright?" Her question sang in my ears. It was wonderful, she was pure music to my ears. Am I alright? I had no idea, I couldn't really understand what was going out. But she was the only thing I saw. The room could have been on fire, and I wouldn't have noticed. I wouldn't have cared. Her dress was a deep red, and she wore cute black boots, no wonder she seemed tallish. The boots had three inch heels, at the last. Sophia had pretty gold hoop earings in her ears. How wonderful she was. There was a tiny scar on her neck, I would have to ask her about where she got it.

"Cadence, are you okay?"

Sophia looked frantic, trying to figure out what was going on with me. I liked the way she said my name. It came out like wind chimes, one syllab shimmering into the next. "I am better then okay, Sophia." I whispered, looking into her eyes. They were a warm honey brown and deep, honest and beautiful. My heart was totally and utterly gone at that moment. I was all hers. No one in the history of the universe, no man or woman, or god, could have changed that.

The rest of the class period flew by in an awkward silence. I guess she was probably taken aback by my sudden change in attitude. I would have been too. But what can you say, when you

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"So, uhmm, do you want to trade numbers?" Nervous brown eyes turned to me, staring at me quizzically. I nodded and got out my phone. "Here, trade with me. That way we will not screw up number translation." I muttered loud enough for her to hear. We switched phones and I typed in my phone number and put in my name.

Sophia looked at me and bit down on her full pink lower lip. "I like your name, It's really pretty." With that she looked down at her hands as the bell rang, she barely let me have enough time to speak, or utter a goodbye, before she'd gathered up her stuff and began to move from the room. She looked back over at me. "I really am sorry about the coffee. It was an accident, I'll make sure I see to it, your jeans aren't ruined." She said, her voice almost musical. Or perhaps, I was just smitten,

I gathered my stuff and all I could think of, besides the over whelming smell of a mocha with something like vanilla pumped into it; was her hair. It was long and had soft bouncy curls to it, that hung loosely around her face. It was such a deep ebony, that I was certain it would glow a deep blue/black in the sun. It set off her dark skin nicely and I felt the need to bury my fingers through her locks. I shook my head, though **Cadence, get a hold of yourself** before sighing and heading to my next class. To my great dismay, I did not see my beautiful Sophia, the rest of the day.

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